

The CONTEST: *K*

BEING

Poetical ESSAYS

ON THE

QUEEN'S GROTTO:

Wrote in Consequence of an INVITATION in the

Gentleman's Magazine for April, 1733.

Wherein was PROPOSED,

That the AUTHOR of the BEST PIECE be
Entitled to a Volume for that Year, Royal Paper,
and finely bound in Morocco; and the AUTHOR of
the *Second Best*, to a Volume Common Paper.

To These are added,

The GIFT of *PALLAS*,

AND THE

LOVER'S WEBB,

Two POEMS on the Fine Piece of *Linen* made in
Ireland, and presented by the Trustees of the
Linen Manufacture to the PRINCESS ROYAL.

ALSO

An EPITHALAMIUM

On the MARRIAGE of the

Prince and Princess of ORANGE.

LONDON:

Printed at *St John's Gate*, and sold by A. DODD,
without *Temple-Bar*; and at the Pamphlet-shops.
1734. [Price Six-pence]

THE COMPTON

Poetical Essays

QUEEN CROFT

Comprising the Poems of the Author

THE AUTHOR OF THE BEST TRAGEDY
Translated to a Volume for the Year 1781
and the Poems in the Poetical Essay
the same to a Volume of Poems

1. 4.

229. THE GIFT

LOVE



Two Poems of the Author of the Poetical Essay
and the Poems in the Poetical Essay
the same to a Volume of Poems

ALSO
AN EPITAPH

On the Marriage of the

Prince and Princess of Orange

TO THE

Printed by J. G. and J. W. at the
Printers of the Poetical Essay
the same to a Volume of Poems

EPITHALAMIUM

ON THE N U P T I A L S

OF HER HIGHNESS the PRINCESS ROYAL

WITH THE PRINCE of ORANGE.

By J. DUICK.

PIERIAN MAIDS, your Skill Divine infuse,
And raise to loftiest Notes my humble Muse:
'Tis *ANNA*, 'tis *NASSAU* my Ardour moves,
O tune my Voice to their auspicious Loves!
While shouting Crouds the happy Pair surround,
And Heav'n repeats the gratulating Sound;
While the sweet Pow'rs of Harmony conspire
To charm the Soul, and wake the am'rous Fire,
Let the soft Muse's whispering Voice be heard,
Whose Vows are with the warmest Zeal prefer'd.
BRITANNIA pleas'd the blest Alliance views,
Which in her Thought the grateful Scene renews,
Where *WILLIAM*, with Heroick Virtues warm'd,
Dispell'd the Fears her anxious Breast alarm'd,
Broke the vile Chains Tyrannick Pow'r design'd,
And Shackles fram'd the free-born Soul to bind.

The *Æra* of our Freedom hence we date,
And all the Laws which fence the rescu'd State;

Nor

[4]
Nor longer regal Pow'r unbounded own,
But see just Limits circumscribe the Throne:
Hence Peace and Plenty clear the *BRITISH* Blain,
And Liberty's secur'd, and *BRUNSWICK* reigns.
'Twas *NASSAU* gave to *BRITAIN* *BRUNSWICK*'s Line,
A Race where all Heroick Virtues shine!
'Tis *BRUNSWICK* gives, the young *NASSAU* to grace,
The Foremost of his fair illustrious Race.

Ye Pow'rs that o'er the Nuptial Rites preside,
The Hero prosper! blest the Royal Bride!
Let *HYMEN*'s brightest Flames improve the Joy,
Let *LOVE* his golden-headed Shafts employ,
Let ev'ry Star its choicest Influence shed,
And *VENUS*' self prepare the genial Bed.
A Line of Heroes hence our Hopes preface
The glorious Guardians of the future Age;
And Female Virtues pre-ordain'd to grace
European Thrones and rule a grateful Race.

Thus hopes the Muse, nor shall her Hopes be vain,
But Heav'n accomplish the prophetick Strain:
Heav'n gives Assurance by this Tie, which joins
In one the *BRITISH* and *NASSAU* Lines.
BRITANNIA, BELGIA, let your Cannons roar
In loud but friendly Peals from either Shore:
Let *EUROPE* note your Joys to see combin'd
The Powers that guard the Rights of Humankind.
And you *Auspicious PAIR*, who prompt my Lays,
Let mutual Love and Honour crown your Days:
Let no uneasy Moments damp the Joy,
But smiling Hours on downy Pinions fly:
No other Cares be known to either Breast,
But those employ'd to render Nations blest.
Let num'rous circling Years run smoothly on,
Glorious for Peace secur'd, or Laurels won;
And when (but oh! be far remov'd that Hour!)
Th' inexorable Fates resistless Pow'r
Shall snatch 'em hence, on nobler Thrones to shine,
Let all their Virtues live---in an illustrious Line.



POETICAL ESSAYS

ON

Her Majesty's Grotto at Richmond.



ESSAY I.

On the FIVE BUSTOES in the QUEEN'S GROTTO.

OFT has the *Muse* her heav'nly skill, prophan'd,
And wealth, or power, her venal voice obtain'd:
Tyrants, and ravagers of human race,

Her partial aid has rais'd to honour's place.

Strange! that the softer notes of sacred verse

Shou'd the dire wastes of horrid wars rehearse,

Or take from glitt'ring grandeur trifling themes,

Or wild ambition, and its frantick dreams,

Yet pay to heav'n-born science mean regard,

And leave fair *virtue* to its own reward.

Oh! let such obloquy no longer stain

BRITANNIA's sons, or blast the *Muse*'s strain:

A theme presents, will honour all their lays,

BRITANNIA's Queen deserves their utmost praise:

To æra's yet unknown her fame shall last,

And triumph, when the bounds of time are past.

Behold her venerable cell!—she builds
 No pillar hung with spoils of martial fields,
 The clam'rous drum, the sword's destructive gleam,
 Or tubes, whose wombs with dreadful thunders teem : 20
 More noble trophies CAROLINE delight,
 Which the rapt mind to studious thoughts invite.
 Amid surrounding glooms her Grott she founds,
 Deep silence reigns thro' all the solemn bounds:
 Not more sequester'd was the sacred shade, 25
 Where NUMA nightly to ÆGERIA pray'd;
 Nor more divine that nymph of heav'nly race,
 Than the great guests that fill this hallow'd place.
 With conscious awe the trembling muse essays,
 Too weak her voice to sound their matchless praise. 30

*BOYLE the benighted paths of science clears,
 Like Phœbus who to chase the mists appears.*

*The human mind LOCKE intimately knew,
 And in eternal lines her portrait drew:*

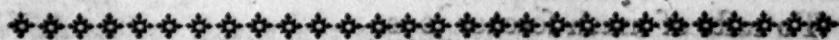
*Thy pages, WOLLASTON, distinctly show 35
 The truths and duties which from nature flow:
 Thine, CLARKE, display religion's milder charms,
 Which the pleas'd soul to heav'nly rapture warms.*

*NEWTON the volume of the sky unseals,
 And all th' amazing miracle reveals. 40*

That sky, illustrious sages! must decay,
 And all the works of nature shrink away,
 But your establish'd fame shall still endure,
 Amid the wrecks of falling worlds secure.

Thou

Thou too, protectress of the good and wise, 45
 At whose command these awful Bustoës rise,
 Thro' all succeeding ages shalt receive
 The noblest praise the voice of fame can give:
 For thee *Philosophy* extends her views,
 For thee each *Poet* cultivates his muse, 50
 For thee *Religion* plumes her heav'nly wings,
 And *Truth* from her celestial fountain springs.
 If in all future annals *Britain* stands
 Th' amaze and envy of surrounding lands,
 If *there* is fixt the seat of every muse, 55
 If every science *there* her dwelling chuse,
 If every virtue, every social grace,
 Distinguish blest BRITANNIA's happy race;
 Thy bright example shall be own'd the cause,
 And the whole world unite in thy applause. 60



ESSAY II.

ODE on the BUST of the Hon. ROBERT BOYLE, Esq; in her MAJESTY's Grotto.

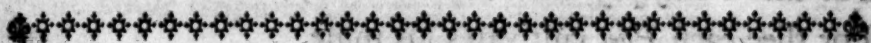
NATURE, O BOYLE! tho' hid in night,
 Her laws, to THEE, were clear as light.
 Such worth again when shall we meet?
 Or when a Queen so good, so great?

In vain we wish, in vain we burn: 5

Seasons in these will ne'er return.
 On earth another BOYLE can't shine,
 Nor such a Queen as CAROLINE.

While

While then this GROTTO thus is grac'd,
 So long shall BRITISH wonders last.
 Merit supported by the throne
 Shall give to fame, a lasting STONE.



ESSAY III.

On the QUEEN'S GROTTO. An ODE.

THink not, *my friend*, devouring age
 Shall e'er on sacred science prey,
 Or Volumes of the learned sage
 Can, like to common things, decay.

BRITANNIA'S *Queen* asserts their cause;
 For them the sculptor's art employs;
 For them from regal state withdraws,
 To taste of much serener joys.

The awful *Busts* of men renown'd
 For various skill her GROTTO' grace,
 Where simple elegance is found,
 And solemn silence guards the place.

There sweetest contemplation dwells,
 Dispensing bliss a thousand ways;
 The clouds that clog the mind dispells,
 And nature's choicest store displays.

Ye venerable shades! look down,
 Or leave a while your blest abodes;
 And pleas'd the grateful tribute own
 That lifts you to the rank of gods.

ESSAY IV.

On the QUEEN'S GROTTO.

WHAT land, BRITANNIA! e'er was blest as thine,
 For useful learning and the sacred sons
 Of science fam'd? Now far more happy still
 Since CAROLINE delights to grace desert,
 And with the smiles of *approbation* raise
 To more *distinguish'd* heights those awful names
 To all MINERVA's *faithful* vot'ries dear.

Behold the *humble* GROTT, by royal guest
Ennobled, and for contemplation form'd,
 Admits the *venerable* busts of those
 Whose various skill, while living, found no peer.

BOYLE first arose, and, like the *morning* star,
 Gave joyful promise of the *day's* approach:
 With *patient* search he from the *plain* effect
 Trac'd the *remoter* cause; and, with success,
 Into the secret springs of nature div'd.

LOCKE, bravely bold, threw off the *galling* yoke
 With which the *Stagirite* for ages past
 Enslav'd the free-born minds of dastard men:
 He pointed out the paths of *sacred* truth,
 And lent to feeble Reason friendly aid.

Then NEWTON, *wond'rous* man! still higher soar'd,
 Describ'd the laws by which the *shining* orbs,
 That through the *boundless* void incessant roll,
 Perform their course encircling; how they keep
 One *certain* track, by bonds invisible
 Confin'd, nor through the liquid *æther* stray.

But, if to elevate our minds above
 This earthly frame, to guide our devious steps
 To the blest realms of light, where angels dwell, 3
 Deserve superior praise, O WOLLASTON, to thee,
 And thee, O CLARKE, it justly does belong.



ESSAY V.

On the ROYAL GROTTTO.

THY groves, O *Richmond*, now may vie
 With old *Parnassus*' sacred hill,

The *Muses* here their voices try,
 And *Bards* the heav'nly rapture feel.

Here *CAROLINA*, sapient Queen, 5

Revolves the labours of the wise,
 And leaves a court's tumultuous scene,
 To trace the wonders of the skies.

Semiramis, thy mighty walls,

Thy tomb too, *Artemisia*, yields; 10

Disgrac'd each female structure falls,

Compar'd to that our sovereign builds.

Her GROTTTO venerably wild,

Seems like *Calypso*'s fabled cell,

Or that where from the world exil'd, 15

The peaceful *Hermit* loves to dwell.

The *Bustoes* rear'd by her command,

Thro' ev'ry age shall speak her praise,

While *Science* lives in *Britain*'s land,

Or *Bards* to merit tune their lays. 20

ESSAY VI.

On the QUEEN and the BUSTOES plac'd in
her GROTTO.

DEscend from heav'n, *Urania*, sacred guest!
 And now with all thy fervours warm my breast,
 To the high theme of CAROLINA's praise,
 And each distinguish'd sage, my numbers raise.
 Say, what ennobles most a royal name,
 And wins a glorious, an immortal fame?
 Not the bright crown, the proud triumphal car
 With all the trophies of successful war.
 How many thousand kings have sunk to dust,
 Their mem'ries and their names for ever lost? 10
 A thousand victors in oblivion lye,
 Whose loud applause once shook the vaulted sky;
 Why are they shrouded in eternal night?
 'Cause unillumin'd with fair virtue's light.
 'Tis virtue only wins th' immortal prize, 15
 Virtue, more durable than earth or skies!
 'Twas this, *Britannia*, taught the blooming maid
 To slight the crown which at her feet was laid;
 In vain the charms of empire tempt her youth
 To deviate from the paths of sacred truth; 20
 How justly heav'n her pious zeal approves,
 And gives a crown to guard the faith she loves!
 By her example, ye distinguish'd fair,
 Who the same awful heights of empire share,

By

By her example, form each royal grace, 25
And show'r down blessings on your subject race.

Virtue and science! lo they both unite,
And blaze in CAROLINE with matchless light! 30
From splendid scenes which females most admire
Behold the solitary *Queen* retire!

She seeks her humble *Cell*, and turns her eyes
Where the five venerable *Bustoes* rise;
Then feeds on thoughts sublime, which raise the mind
Above the trifling cares of humankind:

With BOYLE, the secret springs of nature views, 35
And the coy pow'r thro' all her wildes pursues.

With WOLLASTON, revolves the moral ties
Which mutually from conscious beings rise;
Beings in one great common int'rest join'd,
And all dependent on th' eternal mind. 40

Now, LOCKE, the human soul's extensive pow'rs
(Thy own great theme,) employ her studious hours.

Then wafting soft from empyreal skies,
Religion like a blooming cherub flies

Lur'd by persuasive CLARKE; the royal breast 45
Receives with rapture the celestial guest,

And now she leaves the earth, and wings her flight,
With NEWTON, thro' unbounded fields of light;

Enraptur'd, tracks the planets wand'ring way,
And orbits where excentrick comets stray: 50

Millions of worlds possess the vast profound!
Millions of suns with planets circling round!

Planets, which secondary planets grace,
Endless the wonders of th' ethereal space!

These are the studies which a *Queen* admires,
String to her praise, ye bards, your sounding lyres,
In ev'ry clime repeat her honour'd name,
And spread thro' hers your own immortal fame.

O *Richmond*, happy in so great a guest !
Whose praise shall all thy pleasing scenes out-last ;
Thy *palaces* to wasting time may yield,
Thy *bill* be level'd with the humble field ;
Old *Thames* may fail, or choose a diff'rent way,
And thro' remoter plains his waves convey ;
But *CAROLINA*'s fame no damage fears
From the wild ravage of a thousand years ;
Her *Grotto* fate shall from oblivion save,
Till fainting nature seeks a final grave.



ESSAY VII.

On the QUEEN'S GROTTTO.

Dignos laude viros musa vetat mori.

HAil, royal dome; adorn'd with solemn state,
In mem'ry of the wise, the good, the great !
No more let strangers boast of *Greece* or *Rome*,
Wisdom's fair temple now is found at home.
Behold the monumental marbles rise,
What forms, what features strike the gazing eyes !
How awful, how to life each count'nance wrought !
In stone profoundly grave, as, when alive, in thoughts
First rank doth learning's generous patron claim,
Himself a noble mirror of the same ;

Strict piety in whose sagacious mind,
 And lib'ral arts in happy concert joyn'd,
 Seraphic BOYLE, thy search in nature's store
 Was but to learn t' admire thy maker more!
 See rev'rend CLARKE, whose pleasant lips were hung
 With sweeter strains than flow'd from *Nestor's* tongue.
 How venerable his stile! how strong his sense!
 How soft, how moving, is his eloquence!
 How dear his warnings from the sacred word:
 Learn justice, mortals, hence, and fear the Lord.
 Alas! in vain are all persuasive arts
 (Tho' from a CLARKE) to melt obdurate hearts;
 Reason and rhetorick in vain combine,
 'Till heav'nly pow'r assays, and grace divine.

Ingenious LOCKE, 'twas nobly of thee design'd
 T'assert the native freedom of the mind,
 To disembarrafs us of prejudice,
 And mark th' extremes of reason and caprice;
 To break th' ignoble fetters of the soul,
 And range in quest of truth without unjust controul:
 Thou teachest how by conscious mental act
 We form associate notions, and abstract;
 Declar'st th' original and vast extent
 Of thought, belief, opinion, and assent.
 Laborious knowledge teems in every line,
 And *Plato's* fam'd ideas yield to thine.
 Thine essay, wond'rous man! shall ever live,
 And to thy learned name perpetual honours give.

See next that son of art well skill'd to draw
 A just description of the primal law.

In equal balance WOLLASTON perpend
 The moral weight of actions and their ends,
 And states their moments ; tut'ring heedless youth
 To speak, to act, to live eternal truth ;
 Sets in an easy, but surprising light,
 The mathematic principles of right.
 Mankind admires in this new form to see
 A demonstration of morality.

But where's the great incomparable sage,
 The ornament and wonder of his age?
Huygenius, Tycho, Kepler, high in fame,
 Bow to the honours of an *English* name.
 The system never was from errors free
 Till NEWTON rose and said, *Let darkness flee*.
 Thus have I seen the sun compel to flight
 At once the gloomy horrors of the night,
 And pour thro' th' universe his own impetuous light.
 Thy principles, illustrious Sir, proclaim
 Nature and NEWTON meant the very fame.
 Who has explor'd like him the planets course,
 Their gravitating and projectile force?
 NEWTON without a rival reigns alone,
 Prince of the new philosophy, his own.
 Such was his genius, such his vast command,
 T'improve what science e'er he took in hand ;
 Whate'er he touch'd, howe'er abstruse his theme,
 He clear'd the rubbish, and refin'd the scheme.
 Thro' the wide world his various learning flies,
 His fame is only bounded by the skies :
 Prodigious man ! accept my feeble lays,
 A mortal tribute to immortal praise.

Nor

Nor thou remain unsung, fair CAROLINE,
 In whom the graces with the muses join;
 By hon'ring these great names in lasting stone,
 To ev'ry *British* heart thou hast endear'd thine own.
 This, of thy glory, is no mortal part,
 Great patroness of piety and art.
 How bright thy virtues, O illustrious Queen!
 And num'rous as a constellation seen!
 In vain my muse attempts the long detail,
 Unequal is her strength, her numbers fail;
 These monuments of virtue thou didst raise,
 In deepest silence better speak thy praise.



E S S A Y VIII.

To her MAJESTY, on her GROTTTO.

WHILE, matchless Queen, amid your lov'd retreat
 You deign to build the muses sacred seat,
 Thy chosen sages from the tomb remand,
 And bid 'em rise beneath the sculptor's hand;
 Britannia's hopes indulge the bright presage,
 And from thy *Æra*, date her classic age.
 On the stale volume now, the labour'd piece.
 Applauded work of Rome or antient Greece,
 No more shall fame with partial honours smile,
 To shame the muses of thy happier isle;
 Thy grotto shall with their elysium vie,
 And greater names a loftier verse supply.
 Not with more awe the pious chief essay'd
 To view the wonders of that hallow'd shade;

Thin

Than we thy venerable CELL survey,
And to its honour'd guests our solemn visit pay.

Oh! could my muse obtain the secret power
To trace thee in thy calm sequester'd hour,
When from the splendid court's admiring train
Thy lonely feet the wonted covert gain,
There (only conscious to heav'n's purer eyes,)
Pleas'd, shou'd I mark thy warm devotion rise;
See bumble majesty at large exprest,
In all its native noblest glories drest;
Then view the seated Queen in deep amuse
Each reverend bust with earnest gaze peruse,
Till dewy tears her tender conflict tell,
And own the merit she rewards so well:
Or while, perhaps, to studious arts inclin'd
She reads th' immortal labours of their mind,
An intervening glance her thought relieves,
And the lov'd form her silent praise receives.
If LOCKE present his deep judicious page,
Apparent truths her pleas'd assent engage;
Great man! who with laborious search defin'd
The powers, and compass, of the human mind:
Or if experienc'd BOYLE's sagacious schemes
Invite her thoughts to philosophic themes;
They yield before his all discovering ray,
And science triumphs in unclouded day.
When WOLLASTON delineates nature's laws,
(How lovely, the resembling draught he draws!)
Or CLARKE, religion's heavenly truths proclaims,
And with his powerful lore the soul enflames,

Her

Her looks the *pleasing energy* disclose,
 And her *rais'd breast* with *sacred rapture* glows.
 If NEWTON writes of *gravitation's* force,
 Or traces *colours* from their *lucid source*,
Abstrusest themes beneath her *knowledge* fall,
 She reads with *ease*, and comprehends 'em *all*.
Amazing artist! whose *discerning eyes*
 Search'd the *vast systems* of th' *illumin'd skies*,
 Taught what *fixt laws* the *circling orbs* obey,
 And first describ'd the *comet's* *devious way*.

Hail ye *great sages!* ---her *delightful care*;
 O may no *fate* the *lasting work* impair!
 May your *own fame* a *sure duration* give,
 And make the *sculptor's labour* ever live.

Yet if, *illustrious Queen*, her *fond request*
 The *muse* might offer, to thy *gen'rous breast*,
 When with *like favours* thy *unwearied band*
 Prepares a-new to *bless* a *grateful land*,
 Thy *Milton*, oh! thy *Britain's Orpheus* grace,
 And introduce him to the *sacred race*;
 Thy late *indulgence** amply has display'd
 How well thy *love esteem'd* the *darling shade*,
 Approve him still, the *merit* will be known
 When age *disfigures* the *resembling stone*.---

Yet---thy *own virtues* shall a *trophy* raise,
 And swell thy *annals* with *distinguish'd praise*.
 ---Let the *rear'd bust*, the *deep inscription* fail,
 And time at length o'er *natur'es self* prevail,
 Thy *worth*, *imperial* *fain!* shall *firm* endure,
 And, in *eternal skies* a *nobler fame* secure.

* Her Majesty's royal Bounty to Mrs Clark, the surviving Daughter of Mr Milton.

ESSAY IX.

On the BUSTOES in her MAJESTY'S Hermitage.

HOW vain are pleasures which arise
From all the giddy world calls great!
Pleasures which god-like souls despise,

For those beyond the pow'r of fate.

Scepters and crowns, those envy'd things,

Ne'er yielded yet substantial joy;

But the delights that wisdom brings

No adverse fortune can destroy.

These solemn truths great EDWARD* knew,

When he to mourn his darling son,

To SHENE's† sequester'd groves withdrew,

The empty pomp of courts to shun.

But wiser far our spotless Queen,

Who ne'er by grandeur's charms misled,

Now loves *that* solitary scene

To converse with the learned dead.

At her command a lonely GROT

Arises, beautifully wild,

With BUSTS, of those whose envy'd lot

Attracts her nice election, fill'd.

There BACON stands, an awful name!

Who nature's ample bounds survey'd,

And wonders of the world's vast frame,

And learning's secret wealth display'd.

* Edward III.

† Part of Richmond.

There noble **BOYLE**, to virtue dear,
 Whose happy genius, piercing mind,
 And painful search, did science clear,
 Philosophy from rust refin'd.

There **LOCKE** we view, whose matchless skill
 Taught feeble reason how to climb;
 And curbing fancy's headstrong will
 Makes wit with judgment sweetly chime.

And there sagacious **NEWTON**'s plac'd,
 Who well the starry regions knew,
 The laws which bound the planets trac'd,
 And could their devious tracks pursue.

There **WOLLASTON**, whose volume shows
 He knew th' extent of nature's law,
 Could combat virtue's deadly foes,
 With precepts he from thence did draw.

CLARKE too is there, whose sacred theme
 Supported firm with reason's force,
 Wins for religion our esteem,
 Of every solid bliss the source.

Not antient *Rome*'s admired fane,
 Where all their fabled gods did dwell,
 Equals this small selected train,
 Or rivals **CAROLINA**'s cell.

Nor shall, if bards can aught presage,
 Her fame e'er die, to time a prey,
 But to the world's most distant age
 Their works her glory shall convey.

E S S A Y X

To the QUEEN on her GROTTO.

HAil matchless Queen! whose worth each deed displays,
 Not less in giving, than deserving praise;
 At whose command the willing stones advance
 Too rude for art, too regular for chance;
 Grac'd with those Busts, whose living worthies stood
 Foremost amongst the wise, the great, and good.
 By BOYLE enlighten'd science takes new charms,
 Solves all our doubts; and ignorance disarms;
 The works of nature, that in embryo lay,
 Dawn into life, and in a flood of day
 NEWTON's great genius to the world convey;
 The harden'd sinner, touch'd with CLARKE's advice,
 Melts into tears, and softens into sighs;
 Nature in thee, O WOLLASTON, clearly shines,
 What truth she shews, what doctrine she enjoins;
 In LOCKE the force of reason charms the sight,
 Unveil'd from clouds and bursting into light.
 While thus, great Queen, you consecrate each head,
 Encourage learning, and its followers lead,
 Smile on the living, and revere the dead,
 Tho' their examples may successless prove,
 Yet your example cannot fail to move;
 Hope wings our flight, with pleasures we proceed,
 And smile at last to find that hope succeed;
 Feel emulation rising in its kind,
 And blush to want those arts that grac'd their mind.

Oh! could my lines but equal my desire,
 Then would I sing with more than mortal fire,
 Sing, how you eternize each sacred name,
 Reward their virtues, their deserts proclaim,
 The first in merit, as the first in fame.
 The echoing Grotto should resound my lays,
 The building's beauty, and the builder's praise.



E S S A Y XI.

*On her MAJESTY and the BUSTOES in the
 royal GROTTO.*

ONce more, ye *Muses*, to your sacred hill
 I come, with unassur'd and trembling feet,
 Fearful of sharp rebuke, presuming thus
 To touch the strings of MILTON's hallow'd lyre;
 Yet let the mighty theme, let CAROLINE,
 Whose graces blaze like the meridian sun,
 Excuse the bold attempt: BRITANNIA smiles
 To see the grateful song with various art,
 But equal zeal, employ her tunefull sons.

As a firm rock amid surrounding floods
 Defeats the furious tide's impetuous force,
 Whose marshall'd waves in endless ranks advance,
 (A force to fight invincible) yet fail
 In the fierce onset, and in foam expire:
 Such CAROLINA's pious zeal appear'd,
 In the great tryal found victorious;
 In vain ambition musters all his pow'rs,
 Presenting crowns, and thrones, and boundless empire,

A female virtue triumphs o'er the foe
 Who had his thousands crush'd: what eye that sees
 This Heroine seated on the *British* throne,
 But turns in silent ravishment to heav'n,
 Convinc'd that providence presides below,
 But stop, too vent'rous muse, nor vainly try
 To blazon all her worth: too arduous task!
 In narrower limits fly, and seek the groves
 Of RICHMOND, long for royal names renown'd;
 But now consign'd to everlasting fame
 By CAROLINA's contemplative CELL:
 Divine retreat! the surest best relief
 For all the cares, the tumults, and fatigues
 Of regal state. Hither at chosen hours,
 The royal Hermit takes her lonely way,
 Indulging thoughts which lift the raptur'd soul
 Above mortality: her solemn Busts
 Of sages (greater than proud Greece can boast,
 Or antient ROME, or those of modern date
 Innumerable, that blindly follow these)
 Sublimest themes suggest---The wond'rous force
 Of human knowledge from the birth of thought,
 Working by slow gradations to the height
 Of mathematick certainty---The rules
 Of universal moral duty, taught
 By nature's book immutable---The light
 Of revelation that dispels the mists,
 Th' infectious mists, which sin and folly breath,
 Perplexing the strait path to endless peace.

Thus.

Thus musing, e'er aware she soars intranced
 Among æthereal worlds, with large survey
 Contemplating the mighty maker's works:
 Unnumber'd systems, in unmeasur'd space
 Rolling, the motions on their orbs impos'd
 By wisdom infinite: the seats perhaps
 Thro' which the transmigrating soul shall pass
 To vision beatific: here my muse
 Stop thy bold flight, and join the royal saint
 In elevated praise to the great source
 Of all existence; join thy vows with hers
 To cultivate the virtues which prepare
 For an eternal life of perfect bliss.

St. John's Gate, March 20, 1734.

In order to acquit our selves with that Impartiality which we declared we would strictly observe, when we proposed Prizes for the first and second best Copies of Verses on the Royal Grotto, we have made this Collection to lay the Pieces in one View before the Gentlemen to whose Judgment the Determination is referred; and do think it proper to observe to such as shall give themselves the Trouble to compare them, that the Essays number'd I. and II. were published in June, before we receiv'd No. III, IV, V. which were inserted in our Magazine for July, before we received No. VI, VII, VIII, IX. and these we published in August, before No. X, and XI, which came last of all to Hand, were sent to us.

N. B. The Prizes will be declared in the Gentleman's Magazine for the present Month; and Proposals made therein for Writing on a new Subject, namely ASTRONOMY.

The Lover's WEB.

Inscrib'd to the Lady CAROLINE SACKVILLE.

By WILLIAM DUNKIN.

No other — Ingenious Ador, OVID.

TO thee, blest Nymph, whom Princely Courts refine,
An artless Muse this rural Present brings;
To thee, Descendant of the tuneful Nine,
Of humble Loves in Numbers rude she sings,
Such Loves as flow from pure unborrow'd Charms,
In Numbers such as native Fancy warms.

Nor thou, fair Semblance of thy Mother Fair,
Adorn'd with ev'ry Grace, her Lays disdain;
(No Notes she brings to violate thine Ear,
No Thoughts to cost thy Virgin Cheeks a Tear,
While on thy Sire sublimer Cares await,
A Monarch's Glory, and a Nation's Fate,

In * *Lerne's* fruitful Vales a lovely Maid,
Of lowly Parentage, but gentle Mind,
Dwelt, in fresh Prime of rosy Youth display'd,
The Pride and growing Envy of her Kind;
Her many Swains with wishful Fancy fir'd,
Flock'd far to see, and all who saw, admir'd.

IV.
But she, superior to the shining Toys
Of looser Maidens, indolent with Ease,
Fled the soft Mazes of bewitching Joys,
And spent at Home her long laborious Days;

* A Village in the County of Antrim.

Virtue

Virtue (she knew) which guards the comely Dame,
Expos'd to Crowds, but ill defends her Fame,

V.

Her Bosom purer than the crystal Stream,
Gliding o'er Silver Sands from Fountain fair,

For ever chearful fed the pious Flame
Of undissembled Faith and Friendship rare;

No meaner Guests within that Temple dwelt,
No grosser Flames, for Love she never felt.

VI.

No Arts she studied to improve her Charms,
Sometimes she carol'd to the circling Wheel,

Sometimes the Distaff grac'd her Snowy Arms,

Her hands the Spindle, or the Telling-reel;
Her Hoary Parents thus the Virgin cheers,
And grateful Youth rewards the Care of Years.

VII.

No Pleasure she indulg'd but balmy Rest,

Begot by Labour, far from Sloth remov'd,

Blest in her Parents, in her Duty blest;

Content she priz'd, and Solitude she lov'd;

But fought in vain; however dark the Way,

Love guides his Steps, if Beauty darts a Ray.

VIII.

As from a Bank of many-colour'd Flow'rs,

In some fair Garden fann'd by vernal Breeze,

Which mild *Aurora* bath'd with pearly Show'rs,

Such Sweets arise, as wake the distant Bees;

From various Parts the rival Insects strive

To bear the liquid Nectar to their Hive.

IX.

So spreads the Fame of this unblemish'd Maid,

Of Youths enamour'd crowd such rival Swarms,

Lavish of Wealth, in gayest Dress array'd,

From various Parts, to feed upon her Charms;

They look and long; she shews the splendid Feast,

But Miser-like forbids her Guests to taste.

Among

Among the love-sick Train a noted Youth

In many Actions bore the primeſt Part,
Nor leſs renown'd for Gratitude and Truth,
Charm'd ev'ry Maid, but her who charm'd his Heart;
No Charms the Nymph's ungrateful Heart cou'd move,
Ungrateful only, not returning Love.

XI.

In vain her Equals wou'd appear as fair,
In vain with ſoft Enchantments lure the Boy;
No other Object cou'd remove his Care,
No other Love his eager Thoughts employ;
She only cou'd appear, how'er unkind,
Fair to his Eyes, and lovely to his Mind.

XII.

Sometimes, neglected by the ſcornful Maid,
Among the lonely rigid Rocks he went;
Sometimes he hy'd him to the woodland Shade,
And wail'd his Fate in dreary Diſcontent;
Now diſtant Hopes ariſe, now inſtant Fears,
He ſees her abſent, and her abſent hears.

XIII.

Her chaſte induſtrious Mind, her cold Diſdain,
Her ſweet attractive Air, and matchleſs Bloom,
Distract his lab'ring Soul; to ſooth his Pain
He ſits and labours at the noiſy Loom;
For none the Shuttle ſhrill could better throw
From Side to Side, to feed the Web below.

XIV.

Ah cruel Love! in vain thy Arts we ſhun,
Ah wretched Youth! again thy Boſom burns;
The Threads you weave were by her Fingers ſpun,
And all thy Paſſion with thy Toil returns.
Well is her Toil united to thy Art,
How happy could you thus unite her Heart!

XV.

Now ſunk the Sun, and genial Night had caſt
Her duſky Mantle o'er the broad ſac'd Earth,
When Swains expectful of the due Reſta,
Forſook their Labours, and prepar'd for Mirth,

The Youth, slow-moving with the chearful Train,
Forfakes his Labour, but renews his Pain.

XVI.

Nor due Repast, nor social Mirth affords
The least Remittance of his wayward Grief;
Nor Virgin Airs avail, nor balmy Words
Of dearest Friend, the Wretch's last Relief;
The Shades, which lull the Bond-man to Repose,
Add but a silent Horror to his Woes.

XVII.

Kind Sleep, the sweetest Nutriment bestow'd
By bounteous Providence to men Earth-born,
Reviv'd all Creatures, but the Youth, who glow'd
With endless Love; his Cares prevent the Morn,
Which now, fresh-streaming from the sacred Springs
Of orient Day, restor'd the Face of Things.

XVIII.

To him the Light was dim, all Places drear
Without his Nymph; he flies his sad abode:
That Life she slighted was not worth his Care,
That hopeless Life was but a bitter Load:
Resolv'd in Death to prove his Passion true,
He seeks her now, to bid the last adieu.

XIX.

Her soon he found; the busy Wheel she plies,
To which, as fast she ply'd, the sweetly sung,
Unwonted Wonder dims his swimming Eyes,
And rising Sighs confound his salt'ring Tongue;
All dewy pale he shudders thro' his Frame,
As lately wak'd from some tumultuous Dream.

XX.

And now he stands as destitute of Sense,
With Eyes full-fix'd upon the charming Maid,
At humble Distance, fearful of Offence,
While dawning Hopes around his Spirits play'd;
However harsh the proud Possessors are,
Beauty beheld forbids us to despair.

XXI.

O Virgin, fairest of thy Sex ! he says,
 Why should I measure Life, if only born
 To woo the Maid, whose Cruelty repays
 My warmest Wishes with the coldest Scorn ?
 That Face enrich'd with every heavenly Grace ;
 Ah me, that ever I beheld that Face !

XXII.

Witness my joyless Days, my sleepless Nights,
 How dear to me, how very dear thou art,
 Witness the Woods and Vales and horrid Heights
 Of yon hard Rocks, yet softer than thy Heart !
 They shew'd a Face of Sadness at my Moans,
 Heard all my Complaints, and answer'd to my Groans.

XXIII.

O ! since my Life is but a dismal Gloom,
 Nor Vows, nor Tears, nor Gratitude can move
 Thy stony Heart, to mitigate my Doom,
 Receive the last sad Trial of my Love ;
 When Clay-cold I am stretch'd upon the Bier,
 Thy ruthless Eyes perhaps may drop a Tear.

XXIV.

The Youth stood frantic, as resolv'd to die !
 A sudden Horror chill'd the Virgin's Blood,
 Compassion smiling in her tender Eye :
 A sudden Transport seiz'd him as he stood :
 Rash Youth she cries thy hasty Hand prevent ;
 Lovers may live, and Maidens may relent.

XXV.

Live, and let Fortune be thy better Guide,
 Thy Love's Event depends upon thy Skill ;
 I prize thee much, and soon should be thy Bride,
 Had but my Choice depended on my Will ;
 For I am sworn, no Youth shall ever wed
 The spinning Maid, but he, who weaves this Thread.

XXVI.

The curious Temper of the Thread was such,
 Not finer that, which proud *Arachne* spun ;
 Not finer that, which, bootless to the Touch,
 Across the Meadows glistens in the Sun :

Severe, but Oh ! what Task can be severe
To Lover fond impos'd by Maiden fair ?

XXVII.

Hail Heav'nly Beauty, Source of Earthly Joys,
Whose vivid Rays the blackest Cares disperse,
By Love can build as fast as Death destroys,
And bind in Peace the boundless Universe !
From thee, whatever Stoics may devise,
The noblest Deeds, the brightest Arts arise.

XXVIII.

The panting Lover from the Nymph retires,
Fast Home returning with the Virgin Spoil ;
But oft he stops to see, and oft admires
Her curious Work, which must beget his Toil ;
A thousand Doubts his busy Thoughts perplex,
To win or lose the fairest of her Sex.

XXIX.

It chanc'd, unconscious as he winds his Way
Close by the Margin of a Brook serene,
Near which the Nymphs their woven Cares display
To whiten, watred on the sunny Plain,
To cool his Fever, of the Stream he drank,
Then sat to breathe upon the mossy Bank.

XXX.

Again he pants, impatient to behold
The precious Object of his ardent Cares,
His tender Hands the subtil Links unfold,
He looks, he wonders, and at last despairs,
Till down he sunk, thro' Sorrow void of Breath,
Aghast and stiff as in the Arms of Death.

XXXI.

The fragrant Winds, which flutter'd o'er the Glade,
With Whispers mild his Spirits fled recall ;
The cooler Stream, which wander'd thro' the Mead,
Provokes his Slumbers with its gentle Fall,
When, as he thought, descending from the Skies
A venerable Matron greets his Eyes.

Her

XXII.

Her parted Locks in Golden Fillets bound
 Distinctly shone, her Looks divinely sage
 Spoke easy Mirth allay'd with Care profound,
 Unwasted Vigour, and a Bloom in Age,
 Redundant to her Feet her Garments flow,
 Far purer, whiter than the feather'd Snow.

XXXIII.

An Ivy-Wreath of ever-living Green,
 As nourish'd thence, around her Temples clung,
 An Alder-Harp of ancient Form, I ween,
 Across her Shoulders negligently hung,
 Whose hollow Womb nine pictur'd Nymphs embrace,
 Alike thro' sweet Diversities of Face.

XXXIV.

As she advanc'd, the Youth began to start,
 Like sick'ning Sinners at approaching Saints.
 Fear not, she said, sustain thy drooping Heart,
 I come no Stranger to thy mournful Plaints.
 Religious Horrors thro' his Bosom calm
 Till ruder Passions; for her Words were Balm.

XXXV.

Her very Presence could avert Despair,
 The Youth transported trembles and admires;
 For never had he seen a Form so fair,
 Not her the Object of his fond Desires;
 Her Beams enlarge his Soul; with inward Eyes
 He sees, he reasons, and he thus replies.

XXXVI

* O! if thine Ear the Tongue of mortal brooks,
 Whom shall I hail thee? not of Earthly Seed,
 Thy Words denote thee, nor those radiant Looks
 Of Earth's Allotment, O divine indeed!
 Or Saint or Angel be for ever blest,
 And ease the anguish of a wretched Breast.

* O quam te memorem, Virgo? namque baud tibi vultus
 Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat. O Dea certe:
 Sis fœlix, nostrumque leves quæcunque laborem.

XXXVII.

O Youth, as yet to future Fortune blind!

(Replies the Matron with a gentle Smile,)

Her you behold, to whom high Heav'n assign'd

The guardian Care of this once-famous Isle,

For whose soft Ease my quiet I infest,

Bless all her Arts, but thine above the rest.

XXXVIII.

Aloft supported by this floating Lawn,

Thro' middle Air I steer my steady Flight,

And overlook, before the dapple Dawn,

Men's early Toils, unseen by human Sight:

At Ev'ning late I listen to their Pray'rs,

Or with this tuneful Harp amuse my Cares.

XXXIX.

Deaf to the Sluggard's importuning Cries;

I grant th' Industrious what they never ask;

Pursue thy Toil, chaste Beauty be thy Prize,

Nor doubt Success, however hard the Task.

Alas! says he, to weave a Thread so fine

Is not in Art, or if in Art, not mine.

XL.

Say, can the Crystal's bright transparent Plane

Without a Taint the Virgin's Breath endure?

Say, can the Snow, soft Child of Heav'n serene,

Abide her lightest Touch, and yet be pure?

So may I finish what the Nymph begun,

My Art so triumph, and her Love be won.

XLI.

Fear not, again the Matron sage reply'd,

To dart the Shuttle 'cross the parting Reed,

My self invisible shall be thy Guide!

So shall thy Art prevail, thy Love succeed;

Nor Beauty shall alone become thy Spoil,

A greater Glory yet attends thy Toil.

XLII.

She said, and pausing from her shoulders took,

With graceful Air, the Touch-obeying Lyre,

The Notes she struck were sweeten'd by her Look,

Her Voice attun'd to the prophetic Wire,

The ravish'd Youth in deep Attention hung,
With greedy Ears, while thus the Matron sung :

XLIII.

To *William's* Heir, my Muse exalt thy Strains,
That Prop of Peace, that Thunder-bolt of War,
Already rising from *Batavia's* Plains

To *Britain* see the bright *Nassavian* Star !
He comes to lead our Royal *Anna* forth,
Add Light to Light, and mingle Worth with Worth.

XLIV.

The spicy *East* her purest Tribute brings
To breathe rich Incense on the Princely Fair ;
The Vows of Nations and the Faith of Kings :

Demand the Nuptials of the happy Pair.
Already faint the proud *Iberian* Powers ;
Now trembles *Rome* beneath her nodding Tow'rs.

XLV.

In long Procession, lo ! the Rites begin,
What God-like Pomp attends the Royal Bride,
Without all beauteous, * *glorious all within*,
Majestic *Nassau* blooming by her side !
What hoary Chiefs his lineal Race explore,
Who first saw *William* on *Britannia's* Shore !

XLVI.

I see the gradual Glories of the Throne,
The fond fraternal Youths, the shining Rank
Of Royal Sisters into Beauty blown,

Like *Dian's* Nymphs on fair *Urota's* Bank :
How much in these the Mother's Sweetness shows !
How much the Father's Majesty in those.

XLVII.

Now *Nassau*, now to dignify the Scene,
And crown thy Virtues with their high Reward,
Great *George* appears, with Majesty serene,

Not fierce and dreadful, as at *Audenard* ;
* On his right Hand the matchless Queen behold
All bright with Gems, emblaz'd with woven Gold.

* See Psalm 45.

Thus nurs'd by Nature's self sufficient Care,
 A Forest blooms, whose Honours reach the Skies,
 Green Bays and branching Palms, and Poplars fair,
 And stately Pines in gay Disorder rise,
 With Oaks, beneath whose Kingly Patronage
 Shoot Plants the Wonder of a future Age.

XLIX.

And now the Work of Providence is done,
 Behold the great paternal Monarch join
 Fair *Britain's* Daughter to *Batavia's* Son,
 And *Ister's* Laurels to the Wreaths of *Boyn*;
 Hence States shall rise, hence free-born Senates bloom,
 And future Tyrants date their early Doom.

L.

Ye noble Youths, in measur'd Steps advance
 To the clear Warblings of the mellow Flute.
 Ye honourable Maidens, tread the Dance,
 In lighter Mazes to the breathing Lute;
 Ye sweet Musicians, swell the Rapture high'r,
 Join the deep Organ to the vocal Choir.

LI.

Ye Matrons, now the Nuptial Room adorn,
 Gay as the youthful Sun the Bridegroom comes,
 The Bride all lovely as the blushing Morn,
 Shed *Syrian* Odours, melt *Arabian* Gums;
 Ye Graces, light the *Hymeneal* Torch,
 Prepare the Bed; for Love is in the Porch.

LII.

To deck the Bed let various Nations vie,
 The *British* Fleece unfold its snowy Pride,
 The *Persian* Carpet blush the *Tyrian* Dye;
 Thy * Web, *Hybernia*, shall invest the Bride.
 Thus said, intent upon the Double Prize
 The raptur'd youth awakes; the Vision flies.

* The Rise of this Poem was thus. A young Woman in the North of Ireland spun the finest Linen Yarn that ever was seen. — A young Man courted her for Marriage, but she declar'd, she would not have any Man but he that should Weave that Yarn into a Piece of Linen. Upon this her Lover learned to Weave, undertook, and finished the Piece to so great Perfection, that *Lenox Naper*, Esq; gave 40 Guineas for it, tho' it consisted of but 20 Yards. The Trustees of the Linen Manufacture purchased it and made a Present of it to her R. Highness on her intended Marriage with the Pr. of Orange.



The Gift of PALLAS.

A P O E M.

Occasion'd by a fine Piece of Linen Cloth lately sent
from Ireland, as a Present to her Royal High-
ness the Princess ANNE.

By the Author of a new Translation of *Longinus*, Printing by Sub-
scription in Ireland.

Divinâ Palladis Arte.

Virg.

I.

THE Gods were round Imperial *Jove*,
Engage'd in high Debates,
As move'd by Hatred or by Love,
To Europe's Rival States.

II.

While some the *Austrian* Cause prefer,
The * *Amazon* extol,
Some for the † *Royal Pole* declare,
And praise the mighty *Gaul*.

III.

But Beauty's ever smiling Queen,
Far different Thoughts employ,
Intent on *Britain's* splendid Scene
And *NASSAU's* future Joy;

IV.

In Cares profound, with Looks severe,
Minerva She beheld,
She saw the Goddess shake her Spear,
And lift the *Gorgon's* Shield:

* The Empress of Russia, in whose Dominions the Original Coun-
try of the Amazons is comprehended. † Stanislaus.

When

When the bright Power of genial Love
 Stood forth in Charms confess'd,
 And thus the Warlike Maid of Jove
 In soothing Words address'd :

" Her Course shall Wisdom's Goddess bend,
 " Unto the barbarous North,
 " To see Goths, Vandals, Scythians send
 " Their fell Destroyers forth ?

" Oh, shall the Queen of Arts profane
 " Her Hands with humane Gore ?
 " Shall Sculpture, Painting, Poet's Strain
 " And Texture be no more ?

" From horrid Climes, from Scenes of Blood,
 " On Britain turn your Eyes,
 " Where Bultoes to the Wise and Good,
 " To WILLIAM Statues rise :

" Where Addison's and Kneller's Lines
 " Their matchless Genius prove,
 " While the first GEORGE majestic shines,
 " The Picture of a JOVE.

" Where skilful Artists of the Loom,
 " Their Woollen Webs prepare
 " To be exported far from home
 " For foreign Kings to wear :

" Thus Britain boasts above all Lands,
 " Your Arts as well as Arms ;
 " No less my Patronage demands,
 " So fame'd for Beauty's Charms.

" The Splendor of Britannia's Court,
 " The Roman Pomp outvies ;
 " There Earth's bright Goddesses resort,
 " And emulate the Skies.

" There

- “ There sits great *CAROLINE* enthron’d,
 “ Enthron’d in *Britain’s* Heart;
 “ While she, another *Pallas* own’d,
 “ Gives life to every Art.

XIV.

- “ By her, the Glory of the Isle,
 “ The Royal Virgin stands,
 “ For whom glad *Hymen* with a Smile
 “ Prepares the Nuptial Bands.

XV.

- “ With Joy he views the Princely Youth,
 “ Immortal *WILLIAM’s* Heir;
 “ While white-robe’d Honour, Love, and Truth,
 “ Attend the happy Pair.

XVI.

- “ For *WILLIAM’s* and for *GEORGE’s* sake
 “ Now, *Jove’s* great Daughter, say,
 “ What present shall *Minerva* make
 “ To crown the Nuptial Day?

XVII.

- “ My Zone * around her Waste is ty’d,
 “ See how its Glories spread!
 “ What Gift when that is laid aside,
 “ Shall grace the Bridal Bed?

XVIII.

- “ What Gift more white than new-fall’n Snow,
 “ Than *Asia’s* Silks more fine,
 “ Shall all *Minerva’s* Skill disclose,
 “ And prove her Art divine?

XIX.

- Thus spoke the beauteous Queen of Love;
 When *Pallas* thus reply’d—
 “ Your Care, O Goddess, I approve
 “ For *Britain’s* Royal Bride.

XX.

- “ What sight more pleasing to the Skies
 “ Can thro’ the Earth be found,
 “ Than young *NASSAU*, the brave, the wise,
 “ With *ANNA’s* Virtues crown’d?

* This Zone is celebrated in the 13th Iliad of Homer.

" To grace the Fair, *Minerva's* Hands
 " Some curious Work should frame,
 " But *Europe* now my Help demands
 " To stop the spreading Flame.

XXII.

" Think not that I delight in War,
 " Or chuse in Arms to shine;
 " Tho' I the dreadful *Ægis* bear
 " The † Olive branch is mine.

XXIII.

" When *Pallas* fights, she fights for Peace,
 " The ambitious to reclaim;
 " Thus did the *British* Power increase,
 " Hence mighty *WILLIAM's* Fame.

XXIV.

" To *Britain* now my Course I bend,
 " I at her Helm preside;
 " Great *GEORGE's* Empire I defend,
 " And all his Counsels guide.

XXV.

" Whilst I deep Plans of Power reveal,
 " With all their secret Springs,
 " He, poizing equally each Scale,
 " Sits Arbiter of Kings.

XXVI.

" Yet, Goddess, hear what I propose
 " To gratify your Will—
 " I'll give a shining Web, which shows
 " Th' Extent of human Skill.

XXVII.

" Lo! where *Ierne* to the West
 " Of fair *Britannia* lies,
 " Beneath the same Dominion blest,
 " The same indigent skies;

† In the Contest between *Neptune* and *Pallas* about naming the City of Athens, the former produced a Horse out of the Earth, the latter an Olive Tree, as an Emblem of Peace.

" Who

XXVIII.

- “ Who now awakes her tuneful Choir
 “ To sing of Golden Days,
 “ While *Dorset* listens to her Lyre,
 “ And dignifies her Lays;

XXIX.

- “ While in his charming Confort's face
 “ And Joy-inspiring Mien,
 “ Express'd she views each Royal Grace,
 “ And owns her absent Queen;

XXX.

- “ You can but know that in this Isle
 “ A Work stupendous stands,
 “ Compose'd by many a wond'rous Pile
 “ Rais'd by immortal Hands.

XXXI.

- “ Which down the Sea to *Neptune's* Court
 “ Far as the Center tends,
 “ On which the *Azure Nereids* sport,
 “ By which the God ascends;

XXXII.

- “ Greatly irregular, high, deep, and broad,
 “ With various Pillars wall'd,
 “ Known to the Gods by *Neptune's* Road,
 “ By Men the § *Giant's* call'd.

XXXIII.

- “ Near this the fields of † *Lerne* lie
 “ Where Webs of Linen show
 “ At distance to the Stranger's Eye
 “ A scene of Summer-Snow.

XXXIV.

- “ On these *Lerne's* Wealth depends,
 “ Of these she justly boasts;
 “ Hence an unrival'd Trade extends
 “ To *India's* distant Coasts.

§ The Giants Causeway in the County of Antrim, justly reckon'd one of the greatest Curiosities in the World. It runs from the Bottom of a high Hill into the Sea, and as far as it is visible, is said to consist of above a hundred thousand Pillars, all smooth, but very unequal in Height and Breadth, some of them being 10, others 20, and some 36 foot high. † Lerne, the Place where the Web was wrought.

“ There,

" There, there you'll find the splendid Prize of W
 " Upon a Bank display'd, nobles to gaze on T
 " And there a Youth with ravish'd Eyes on W
 " Fix'd on a beauteous Maid, and shining bnd A "

" With vain Pursuit he often try'd to win his W
 " The Virgin's Heart to win, and joy to find A
 " This I propose, at length she cry'd, bnd W
 " Weave you what I shall spin, bnd A "

" Then to the Goddess of our Art you can but W
 " The Work devoted be, and work you W A
 " These are the Terms on which my Heart is C
 " Shall be resign'd to thee, bnd by immort W A "

" Fine as her dextrous Fingers spin, and down W
 " Th' enamour'd Artist weaves, and as the W
 " And thus immortal Honour won, and which W
 " And thus the Virgins Love, and which W "

" From Love the gen'rous Strife began, bnd W
 " Love gave the Youth Success, and W
 " Sacred to Love and Royal Art, bnd W
 " The Gift let Venus bless, bnd W "

" Now, now *Batavia's* Fame must yield, bnd W
 " To *Lerne's* happier Skill, bnd W
 " In this her noblest Art excel, bnd W
 " Such is *Minerva's* Will, bnd W "

" I've sworn it by a neighbouring Lake, bnd W
 " To all the Sages known, bnd W
 " Which from my Shield the Pow'r did take, bnd W
 " Of turning Wood to Stone, bnd W "

" And yet *Batavia* well may bear
 " This no inglorious Poil,
 " Her's soon shall be the Royal Fair,
 " And Her's the shining Spoil.



Don't Neglect Having in it Medals, &c. &c.